

10,328-T-323-Robert Lewis Smith-Healing Springs.....Wh
 10,014-T-324-William Edmond Lester-CarlooverWh
 10,084-T-325-Shirley Moore Stanley-Warm Sp'gs.....Wh
 10,284-T-326-Warren Davis Rodgers-Warm Springs...Wh
 10,199-T-327-Wayman Vess McKeldon Armstrong-Will'vle
 10,155-T-328-Wilbur Duncan Chaplin-Warm Springs...Wh
 10,356-T-329-Louis Henry Polane-Healing Springs.....Wh
 10,135-T-330-David Harper Kincaid-Warm Sp'gsWh
 10,087-T-331-Deyerle Miller Caracoff-Hot Sp'gsWh
 10,153-T-332-Frank Choplin Stanley-MillboroWh
 10,381-T-333-Edward Baker Payne-Warm SpringsWh
 10,354-T-334-Louie Ernest Kincaid-BolarWh
 10,188-T-335-Roy Moffett Cleek-Warm SpringsWh
 10,350-T-336-Jesse Houston Simpson-BacovaWh
 10,368-T-337-George Gratton Williams-MillboroWh
 10,018-T-338-Roswell Morton Carpenter-Healing Sp...Wh
 10,385-T-339-Harry Hamilton Jones-Warm Springs ...Wh
 10,231-T-340-William Rosser Mackey-BurnsvilleWh
 10,341-T-341-Eernard J. Jones-Warm SpringsC
 10,257-T-342-Mervin Boone Carpenter-Healing Sp'gs...Wh
 10,389-T-343-Henry Howard Rucker-Healing Springs..Wh
 10,074-T-344-Clayton Norris Ryder-WilliamsvilleWh
 10,006-T-345-Lonnie Criser Hodge-Warm SpringsWh
 10,098-T-346-Fay Clemmer Bussard-Hot SpringsWh
 10,088-T-347-Clyde Robertson-Hot SpringsWh
 10,128-T-348-John Clifton Kellison-BacovaWh
 10,129-T-349-James Stewart Shepherd-McClungWh
 10,112-T-350-Granit Gwin Lockridge-Hot SpringsWh
 10,259-T-351-Paul Linthicum-Hot SpringsC
 10,049-T-352-Burnell Campbell Marshall-Hot Springs..Wh
 10,357-T-353-William Robert Riley-MillboroWh
 10,271-T-354-Fred McClure-BolarWh
 10,380-T-355-Howard Austin Ingram-MillboroWh
 10,346-T-356-Daniel Jackson Matheny-Nimrod Hall...Wh
 10,358-T-357-George Shere Lockett-Nimrod HallC
 10,057-T-358-Robert Lee Barnett-MillboroWh
 10,002-T-359-Luther Elmo Jackson-BurnsvilleWh
 10,090-T-360-Latimer Tuke, Jr.-Hot SpringsWh
 10,336-T-361-William Anderson-Hot SpringsC
 10,306-T-362-Charles Addison Gutshall-Hot Springs...Wh
 10,308-T-363-Will Alley Thacker-Hot SpringsWh
 10,085-T-364-Robert Pearl Gwin-Hot SpringsWh
 10,059-T-365-Robert Harding Roberts-BurnsvilleWh
 10,367-T-366-William Franklin Gann-MillboroWh
 10,286-T-367-Summers Field Jackson-Hot SpringsC
 10,126-T-368-George David Bird-MillboroWh
 10,012-T-369-Newell Willis Beale-Warm SpringsC
 10,229-T-370-Harry Tucker Simmons-MillboroWh
 10,405-T-371-Homer Rhea Loan-Nimrod HallWh
 10,370-T-372-Herbert Dennis Mines-Nimrod HallWh
 10,362-T-373-William Edward Johnson-Nimrod Hall...Wh
 10,198-T-374-Herman L. Peery-CarlooverWh
 10,349-T-375-Thomas Leech Richardson-Salem, Va.Wh
 10,404-T-376-Howard Steward-Hot SpringsC
 10,319-T-377-Arch Carrington Swearingen-Warm Sp...Wh
 10,065-T-378-Emory Nickel Vess-MillboroWh
 10,221-T-379-Walter McElwee-Healing SpringsWh
 10,399-T-380-Lonnie Roscoe Stephenson-Millboro Sp...Wh
 10,121-T-381-Robert Marts Davis-Nimrod HallWh
 10,332-T-382-James Wallace Landers-MillboroWh
 10,179-T-383-George Cecil Tuke-Hot SpringsWh
 10,403-T-384-Robert Francisco Brinkley-MillboroWh
 10,287-T-385-Lonnie Vess Botkin-ArmstrongWh
 10,279-T-386-Genis E. May-Falling SpringWh
 10,079-T-387-Merlin Judson Hopler-Hot SpringsWh
 10,159-T-388-Clarence Porter Kenney-MillboroWh
 10,291-T-389-Lawn Clifford Smith-MillboroWh
 10,342-T-390-Dallas A. May-Hot SpringsWh
 10,312-T-391-Vernon Thomas Pettus-Hot SpringsC
 10,062-T-392-Fred Lewis DePriest-Hot SpringsWh
 10,317-T-393-Hugh Berlin Loving, Jr.-Hot SpringsWh
 10,302-T-394-Thomas Leffel Peery-CarlooverWh
 10,172-T-395-Jesse Eugene Stephenson-Warm Sp'gs ...Wh
 10,194-T-396-Clyde Edrich Stephenson-Warm Sp'gs ...Wh
 10,147-T-397-George David Turner-Hot SpringsC
 10,382-T-398-Carl Thornton Rodgers-BolarWh
 10,288-T-399-John M. Henry-Hot SpringsC
 10,124-T-400-Orrille C. Matthews-Hot SpringsWh
 10,301-T-401-Henry Lee Reynolds-Clifton ForgeWh
 10,141-T-402-John William Layman Curry-Mt. Grove..Wh
 10,118-T-403-John Letcher Chestnut-Mtn. GroveWh
 10,295-T-404-Edgar W. McElwee-Hot SpringsWh
 10,073-T-405-Therston Nether Jack-MillboroWh

10,099-T-406-Claude William Burns-MillboroWh
 535-A-814-Warner Allen-Hot SpringsWh
 272-A-815-Louie James Robertson-Hot SpringsWh
 703-A-816-Willie Edward Thomas-Hot SpringsWh
 223-A-817-George Thomas Lindsay-CovingtonWh
 313-A-818-Riley Pritt-Hot SpringsWh

**JAPANESE DIPLOMATS
MOVED OUT, SATURDAY**

APR 16 1942
Even the weatherman perk-
ed up last week when it was
definitely learned that the
Japs, who have been quarter-
ed at Hot Springs since Dec.,
were to be moved. Old Sol
was postively beaming when
on Saturday when the 285
little yellow sons of (sho)guns
were herded onto the train
which was to take them to
their new home at White
Sulphur Springs.

They will be lodged with
the Germans at The Green-
brier until arrangements for
their repatriation has been
completed. The Italians and
Hungarians, who had been
lodged with the Germans at
the White Sulphur resort,
were removed to Asheville,
N. C., to make way for the
new arrivals.

Jupiter Pluvius, apparently
was so pleased with himself
that he even continued to
shine his benevolent count-
enance on Easter Sunday—
something unheard of, for a
long time, at least. Easter
bonnets and spring finery
sprouted in abundance under
the warm rays which almost
attained summer tempera-
tures.

The several days of warm
weather, however, brought
the usual forest fire dangers
prevalent at this season be-
fore the woods begin to
"green" up. Two small fires
occurred in this county, al-
though a number of large
conflagrations were reported
over the state. A small fire
in the vicinity of the crema-
tory burned over about two
acres on Monday. It was soon
extinguished by company
men summoned to the scene.

The second fire caught
from a brush fire at the old
Ryder place on Rt. 39, west
of Mountain Grove. Ten or
12 acres were burned over
before fire fighting crews
from West Virginia, the Mtn.
Grove area, and the Valley
high school patrol, brought
the fire under control. This
fire also caught on Monday.
Rain, which fell the middle
of the week, eliminated the
acute fire danger.

**BATTLE REVIEWS RECORD
AUTO FATALITY FIGURES**

APR 16 1942
Traffic accidents in Vir-
ginia during 1941 cost 1,110
persons their lives and an
economic loss of about \$44-

ties. In urban accidents, 127
persons were killed.

The total number of acci-
dents during last year were
21,361, resulting in 1,110
deaths and 10,523 persons in-
jured. A total of 14,151 ac-
cidents resulted only in prop-
erty damage.

The tremendous increase in
traffic caused by the mili-
tary and industrial develop-
ment and motorists' utter
disregard of all traffic laws
and safety rules were the
chief contributing factors in
chalking up the unpreced-
ented record, Col. M. S. Bat-
tle, director of the Division
of Motor Vehicles, said.

In making his comment,
the director pointed to a
breakdown of the fatalities
which revealed that 434 per-
sons lost their lives in one-
car accidents or 39.1 per cent
of the total number killed.

"One-car accidents," Col-
onel Battle explained, "are
those in which a vehicle runs
off the road or crashes into
a fixed object. There can be
no plausible explanation for
such mishaps except that the
driver of the car failed to
pay proper attention to the
road, was too drunk to drive,
was operating his vehicle at
a too rapid speed or just
went to sleep at the wheel.

"No traffic program or po-
liceman can prevent this sort
of behavior on the highways.
We can correct only those
drivers we see violating the
law, but it is impossible to
place a state trooper in each
vehicle that is operated on
the open high highway.

Next in line were pedes-
trians and 326 walkers were
killed during the year or 29.4
per cent of the total fatali-
ties. In crashes with other
vehicles, 292 persons lost
their lives and 29 were killed
in accidents which involved a
motor vehicle and a bicycle.
Other fatal accidents includ-
ing mishaps with trains,
street cars and horse drawn
vehicles accounted for 29
deaths.

"The only bright figure in
the entire report of 1941
traffic accidents," the direc-
tor said, "is the fact that
fatalities in the urban areas
showed a decrease. There
were 127 persons killed in the
cities during 1941 as com-
pared to 144 killed during
1940. Rural auto deaths soar-
ed from 709 in 1940 to 903
during 1941. 88.5 per cent of

tor in the 1941 record.
only way to meet this
tude of complete indi-
ence is with a rigid and
remitting enforcement
gram with an adequate
ber of police to patrol
45,000 miles of highway
Virginia.

"Our force personnel
been increased and more
will be added this year. 7
men will be instructe
continue the enforce
now carried on by the un-
manned department we
now."

The breakdown of the
lations listed in the acci-
reports showed that 13.7
cent or 5,077 of the 3
drivers involved in 21,36
cidents were violating a
law. The other main v
tions listed were imp
passing by 5.1 per cent o
drivers; 2,652 drivers o
per cent were driving on
wrong side of the road;
drivers or 4.1 per cent ig
ed a traffic sign or s
and 2,232 or 6 per cent f
to give a hand signa
made an improper turn

Fourteen per cent or
of the drivers involved
the 964 fatal accidents
reported as "had been d
ing".

As for the traffic der
Colonel Battle said that t
were 590,000 motor veh
registered in Virginia
year, 50,000 more than
ing 1940 and the la
number ever registered in
State's history.

Motorists purchased
500,000 gallons of gaso
19.4 per cent more than
ing 1940 and travelled
proximately 6,077,500,000
es. The State's death re
per 100,000,000 miles is
as compared to 16.7 du
1940.

"When we consider
tremendous increase in t
fic density and the num
of vehicles in the State
year," Colonel Battle s
"the record does not look
bad. We experienced la
military and industrial
velopment which broug
with it hundreds of work
and soldiers.

"But after looking beyo
this and studying the caus
of the accidents, it is th
we become disheartened b
cause of the number of vi
lations and inexhaustible
cidents that needlessly

NEGRO GETS EIGHT YEARS FOR ROBBERY

APR 9 - 1942

Willie Pettus, who was found guilty of criminally attacking a 12-year-old white girl and sentenced to 35 years in prison by a Bath county jury last week, was given an additional eight years when arraigned Tuesday on a highway robbery indictment. The charge grew from evidence to the effect that the negro took a small amount of change from the girl when he brutally attacked her.

The 25-year-old negro upon advice of his counsel, Martin A. Martin of Danville, entered a plea of guilty to the indictment, and the sentence was imposed by the court who heard the evidence without intervention of jury.

The 12-year-old girl and a younger sister were returning home from a store errand, when they were accosted by the negro along the road which led to their home. The negro, according to the girl, told them he had been put there by the government to protect them against the "Japs and the Germans" and forbid them to travel the main road.

With this remark he seized the two girls and forced them along a path which led off the road. Some distance along the path, the girls broke from the negro and began to run when he loosened his grasp to retrieve his hat which the wind blew off. The older girl was overtaken and attacked.

In the struggle two packages of cigarettes and sixty-nine cents in change she had received at the store were snatched from her. A few hours later when Pettus was taken into custody and identified at the attacker, he had in his possession a corresponding amount of change, and cigarettes of the same brand as those taken from the girl. He admitted to the officers that the cigarettes were not his "usual" brand of smokes.

Other law orders entered at the April term of court which concluded Tuesday were:

Court consented to the request of Ernesto Jacob Scott, son of William Hunter McClintic and Macala Amparan McClintic, to change his name to Ernest Jacob McClintic.

Harrison Wm. Keyser was reappointed as a special policeman for Bath county.

Harry F. McDaniel was appointed as a conservator of the peace for the Homestead Hotel and all other properties operated in connection

with the resort.

Hardy Runyon and Roy Carpenter were each given a year in the penitentiary for breaking into the Thomas-town school. Runyon and Carpenter broke into the building to get warm after escaping from the convict road gang. They stole a couple of fountain pens and clocks from the building.

Dr. I. T. Hornbarger was appointed as jail physician and coroner to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. F. C. Pinkerton.

Virginia S. Pole was allowed \$5.00 for taking and transcribing the statement given by George Bassett, who was convicted of killing Charlie Perkins at the last term of court.

F. G. Thompson, sheriff, presented an account of \$84.18 for services in criminal cases, including items of \$76.50 for felonies, and \$7.68 for misdemeanors. Same, upon being examined and ratified, were certified for payment. Another account presented by the sheriff listed \$5.90 for services in felony cases, and \$9.75 in misdemeanors. This was also certified for payment, along with an account of \$86.25 for board and committal fees of prisoners.

HE'S HAPPY

APR 9 - 1942

Alvin Garson, popular and handsome son of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Garson, of Philadelphia, has joined the Navy. His father received the information immediately upon returning to Hot Springs for the spring season. Al concluded the wire, "Am very happy".

Like his father, Al needs no introduction to the Hot Springs community. An accomplished musician, he was base fiddle played for his father's orchestra this winter at Key West, although the trumpet is his favorite instrument. He was to have been a member of The Homestead orchestra this season, but the call of the 'bounding main' was too strong.

We all wish him luck.

SCHOOL TO SPONSOR PET AND HOBBY SHOW

The Warm Springs school will sponsor a doll, pet and hobby show on Friday night, April 17, at the school building. The show is for benefit of the school cafeteria.

Entry blanks can be secured from any pupils or teachers in the school. Entries should be brought to the school by noon on the day of the exhibition. Prizes will be awarded in the following groups:

(1) Dolls—(a) Most baby-like doll, (b) Prettiest doll, (c) Best home-dressed doll.

(2) Pets—(a) Largest pet, (b) Smallest pet, (c) Most Unusual pet.

(3) Hobby (and collections)—(a) Most unusual, (b) Largest collection, (c) Most historical interest.

(4) Handwork—(a) Best article made by men or boys, (b) Best article made by women or girls.

An entry fee of one cent will be placed on each entry made in any of the above classes.

A small admission will be charged at the door. There will also be bingo games for anyone who cares to play, and refreshments will be on sale. The Ashwood school band will give a short concert.

ARMY GETS 25 MORE MORE BATH COUNTIANS

APR 9 - 1942

Twenty-five young men from this county left on Saturday, April 4, for Camp Lee and induction into the U. S. army. They were:

Cameron Frazier McNeal, Joseph Arnett Robertson, Lewis Edward Thacker, Chas. Melville Fountaine, Don Aaron Cauley, William Edward Collins, Elmer Burkley Windsor.

John Robert Cleek, William Marion Brockway, Harvey Preston Carpenter, Otho Talmadge Vess, Luther Martin Rhea, Carmi Bonner Neff, Floyd James Hoover, John Donald Lindsay, Louis Stevens Bryan, Kenneth Shadford Wood, Richard Jennings Wolfe.

Roscoe Ira Simmons, Albert Meade, Samuel Tobias Fox, John Lewis McFadden, Henry Forest Phillips, Russell Porterfield Snyder, and Harry Frederick Chaplin.

YOUNG MAN'S DEATH SHOCK TO VALLEY

APR 9 - 1942

The Valley community was shocked to learn of the tragic death late Sunday afternoon of Button G. McElwee, 35. The coroner's verdict was that the popular young man succumbed to a gunshot wound inflicted with suicidal intent.

McElwee, a porter at The Homestead, who during the slack-season is employed on the painting force, returned to his home shortly after six o'clock. Nothing unusual was noted in his demeanor when he stopped to exchange a few words with his wife and a neighboring housewife who were conversing in the yard.

Remarking that he was tired and going to bed, he

entered the house. A second two minutes later the muffled report of the shot was heard.

His wife, who rushed outside to investigate the noise found her husband sprawled on the bed room floor. McElwee had sat down on the bed, placed the muzzle of a 12-gauge shotgun under his chin and tripped the trigger with a stick. The stick was still locked in his grasp.

No reason has been advanced for his act. Fellow workmen said he appeared to be in his usual good spirits during the day and when they quit work at five o'clock. So far as is known he left no note and communicated his intentions to no one.

McElwee, a son of Lit. McElwee, of Hot Springs, survived by his wife and two young sons.

UNUSUAL ACCIDENT

APR 9 - 1942

Mrs. Ira L. Rowe, of Warm Springs, is slowly recovering from a severe leg burn which resulted from a most unusual accident at her home Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Rowe, her arm loaded with wood, was adding to fuel a small heating stove, when one of the pieces of wood stuck, she attempted to force it into the fire with her foot. The stick of wood was dislodged under pressure, and her foot followed and became fast to the side of the stove. She dropped the wood she was holding with a desperate lunge to set the stove before she was able to extricate her foot from the blazing fire. The burn is described as very deep, but barring infection is expected to heal nicely. The very nature of the hurt, however, points to a long slow process.

Bloodhounds Will Be Used To Run Down Fire Setters

APR 29 1942

Fires In This Area Of State Have Been Brought Under Control By Wardens

The forest fires raging in this section of the state since last Monday, April 20, have been brought under control and are being watched by patrols.

The C C C crews, the high school boys from Covington and Clifton Forge and the various district wardens have returned to their posts.

Perhaps the main cause of the fires being brought under control is because of the rains which fell last night in the many surrounding counties, while only a shower fell in Covington.

Th 21 fires have all been in Alleghany County and Bath County districts of the George Washington National Forss.

According to Dispatcher Barrett, the bloodhou that recently arrived from Kentucky is being joined by two bloodhounds from the Cumberland district and will be put into the burned areas.

Through the efforts and the co-operation of the men and forest wardens, the fires have all been brought under control in a short time. The largest fire was 15,000 acres and the smallest, 6 acres.

Everyone is cautioned to be careful although the fires are out and some rain has fallen fires can most easily be started.

Enemy Envoys Fight in "Grand Hotel"

By DAVID CHARNAY and WILLIAM WALLACE
(As Told to Warren Hall)

(Copyright, 1942, by New York Daily News)

The world's swankiest internment camp nestles in the Alleghenies of West Virginia a few miles west of the Virginia border. It has everything any vacationist could want—three magnificent 18-hole golf courses, a 40-mile bridle path, a swimming pool, health-giving baths, 7000 acres of scenery, a trained and willing staff, and the only bar in the state.

But its 856 guests are neither contented nor appreciative. They fight among themselves. They complain bitterly about the service. They stone the guards (and sometimes regret it exceedingly). They spurn sports for intrigue and sit up nights devising new ways—too often successful—of corresponding with fifth columnists on the outside.

We have just returned from a 12-day inspection trip to this wartime Shangri-La, the vast Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Since last

Dec. 22, it has housed the diplomats of enemy nations, together with their staffs and families.

Ostensibly we were at White Sulphur Springs for a vacation; otherwise we would have been politely but firmly escorted out of town almost as soon as we arrived. (One newspaperman who went there a month ago lasted just an hour and a quarter.) As it was, we were constantly under observation. Our hotel room was searched as often as twice a day. Our telephone calls might as well have been broadcasts.

But we managed to get a pretty comprehensive picture of what goes on behind the guarded portals of Greenbrier—a picture that will give no aid to the enemy, but will inspire the hope that our own diplomats in enemy countries are receiving the same courtesy and consideration.

We found out about the near riots, the narrowly averted duels, the escapes (and recaptures), the romances and marriages, the seized radio transmission sets, the rows over protocol with their diplomatic crises in miniature, the refusal of the Italians to eat with the Germans and the refusal of the Germans to mingle with the Japs, the dance hall brawls in a ballroom dripping with dignity and tradition.

We found out about the Jap who stabbed the colored waiter for refusing to betray his country.

We found out about the niece of a high government official who admitted she had smuggled messages into the aliens' paradise and had smuggled others out. We even found the girl herself and learned how it was done.

We found out about the Japanese youth who cheered the bombing of Tokyo and was very nearly mobbed.

It's Quite a Place

We found out that the brochure wasn't exaggerating very much when it said that the Greenbrier, "often described as 'America's most beautiful all-year resort,' is also unique in possessing an atmosphere of mellow charm and cherished traditions which come only after a resort has had the experience of welcoming and pleasing the great names of the world for over 160 years."

The writer probably wasn't thinking of Sabato Kusum, Admiral Nomura, Prince Colonna or Charge d'Affaires Hans Thomsen when he

in Two

he continued:

"Today the Greenbrier, with its beautiful 7000-acre estate in the Alleghenies—open throughout the year—offers its guests, at moderate and comparable prices, unexcelled facilities for sports, superb mountain air and scenery, a unique year-round climate, one of the most completely equipped tonic baths departments in the country and enjoyable social activities. Everything is conveniently at hand and so you can enjoy it all, meet congenial guests or be as exclusive as you like and take life easy."

Italians Snoot the Rest

That business of being as exclusive as you like turned out to be the snake in this Garden of Eden.

The Italians started it. It may have been because they were socially more impeccable or it may have been because they just didn't like Nazis, but from the beginning of their Greenbrier visit they refused to fraternize with their fellow guests.

Don Ascanio Dei Principi Colonna, the Italian ambassador, and his lady, Donna Elly, were on polite speaking terms with Charge d'Affaires Thomsen, the ranking German, and his outspoken, temperamental frau, Bebe. But affability extended very little lower down the social scale.

The Germans were heiling Hitler with outstretched palms at every conceivable opportunity, but the Italians refused point-blank to return the salute. There were frequent fist fights and even challenges to duels, but no duel actually occurred. The principal reason was that all weapons had been confiscated and there is something particularly undignified about fighting with kitchen knives.

Italian Slaps a Nazi

One German made an insulting remark about Prince Colonna within earshot of a group of Italians. A tall Italian stepped forward and slapped his face. The two men grappled and were pulled apart by their friends.

Thomsen, who discourages such outbreaks, ordered the German to his room. Prince Colonna, not to be outdone, instructed his man to remain in his quarters. But there was a constant procession of Italians the rest of the day to the room of the prince's defender, and they all



Swanky north portico of Greenbrier Hotel

brought gifts.

"Honest to goodness," said a waitress, "the way those Germans and Italians strutted around and glared at each other was like a scene out of a Graustark comedy. They wouldn't eat in the same dining room, they wouldn't ride in the same elevator, they even wanted rooms in different wings."

State Department Worried

But State Department officials didn't see anything funny about it. They were afraid a serious clash would occur, that many might be injured and that the Germans might take it out on American diplomats who are being held at Bad Nauheim—which, by the way, isn't a bad spot itself.

So, on April 2, all the Italians and the few Hungarian and Bulgarian diplomats at Greenbrier were loaded, bag and baggage, into a Chesapeake & Ohio train and taken to the Grove Park Inn, an almost equally impressive hostelry at Asheville, N. C., 312 miles away. There were 237 of them in all.

The staff at Greenbrier was sorry to see them go. In three months they had come to admire and respect the Italians as much as they scorned and despised the Germans. The Italians, they said, were courteous, demanded little and tipped liberally. The Germans were almost exactly the opposite.

Uncle Sam Does Tipping

Tips are not expected of Greenbrier's enforced guests, however. As a matter of fact, the Government does the tipping. It pays the hotel management \$10 a day for each adult and \$5 for each child, and in addition provides \$2 a day per head to be divided among waiters, waitresses, bellhops, chambermaids, etc.

This rate, except for the extra \$2, compares very favorably with Greenbrier's regular rate, which ran last spring from \$3 for a single room without bath to \$24 for two rooms with connecting bath for three persons—plus \$3.75 for each person daily for meals.

For 48 hours the 521 Germans had Greenbrier all to themselves. Then came the yellow peril. From Hot Springs, Va., where they also had been luxuriating in beneficial baths and solid comfort, 336 Japanese en-

voys of various degrees of importance arrived to share the diplomatic utopia with their Aryan brethren.

Joe, the White Sulphur Springs cobbler who used to repair a couple of dozen pairs of shoes a week, gazed at the huge pile of work in front of him and shook his head in bewilderment. "Those Germans and Japs up at Greenbrier must do a powerful lot of walking," he said.

Men's shoes, women's shoes and children's shoes come to him daily by the score from the 7000-acre resort where diplomats of enemy nations are the guests of the State Department. All were to have new soles of double thickness.

"And the funny part of it is," Joe said "that I am sure I put soles on some of these shoes only a couple of weeks ago."

The answer was obvious, even though Joe couldn't see it. Anticipating a shortage of leather in the homelands to which they will soon be returning, the diplomats and their families were laying in a supply. A close examination showed that the outer soles of many of the shoes had been neatly ripped off with razor blades.

Leather is only one of the commodities that the German and Japanese envoys and their staffs are hoarding against the time when it will be up to their own governments to keep them in the style to which they have become accustomed. When we dropped into the quiet little West Virginia community a couple of weeks ago to give the famed Greenbrier Hotel

the once-over, we discovered that grocery stores there already had instituted a rationing system.

We stopped at a general store to allay the suspicions of the FBI man who had been tailing us. We bought a couple of packs of cigarettes and asked the proprietor how business was.

"Too good," he said, surprisingly. "Those folks out at the hotel send in every day for flour and corn meal and canned goods and sugar and all sorts of things. I had to stop selling them some of the stuff they asked for because I didn't have enough left for my regular customers. What they're doing with it all I don't know. They certainly get plenty to eat out there and they can't take it with them."

Maybe They Can

Can they or can't they? Nobody at White Sulphur Springs seemed to know for sure. At any rate, the luggage storerooms of the gigantic establishment are filled with crates and boxes of goods the enforced guests hope to take along when they leave.

The 856 beneficiaries of Onkel Samuel's bounty can't go into town to shop for themselves because they are confined to eight or 10 of the 7000 acres, and between 4:30 p. m. and 8 a. m. they must remain indoors. But there is no lack of places on the grounds in which to do their shopping.

Besides the 45 golf fairways, the 200 miles of bridle trails and the trap-shooting range (none of which are available to the current guests), the five championship tennis courts, the immense indoor pool (filled with ever changing spring water), the archery, horseshoes, badminton and croquet courts and the table tennis and billiard tables, Greenbrier boasts a dozen or more of the most exclusive shops in the country.

Business Hums

There are the antique store, the candy store, the children's shop, the florist, the gift shop, the linen shop, the pharmacy, the photography shop, the barber shop and beauty parlor, and, of course, the state liquor agency.

All of them are doing a land-

Enemy Envoys Fight

By DAVID CHARNAY and WILLIAM WALLACE
(As Told to Warren Hall)

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The world's swankiest internment camp nestles in the Alleghenies of West Virginia a few miles west of the Virginia border. It has everything any vacationist could want—three magnificent 18-hole golf courses, a 40-mile bridle path, a swimming pool, health-giving baths, 7000 acres of scenery, a trained and willing staff, and the only bar in the state.

But its 856 guests are neither contented nor appreciative. They fight among themselves. They complain bitterly about the service. They stone the guards (and sometimes regret it exceedingly). They spurn sports for intrigue and sit up nights devising new ways—too often successful—of corresponding with fifth columnists on the outside.

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Ostensibly we were at White Sulphur Springs for a vacation; otherwise we would have been politely but firmly escorted out of town almost as soon as we arrived. (One newspaperman who went there a month ago lasted just an hour and a quarter.) As it was, we were constantly under observation. Our hotel room was searched as often as twice a day. Our telephone calls might as well have been broadcasts.

But we managed to get a pretty comprehensive picture of what goes on behind the guarded portals of Greenbrier—a picture that will give no aid to the enemy, but will inspire the hope that our own diplomats in enemy countries are receiving the same courtesy and consideration.

We found out about the near riots, the narrowly averted duels, the escapes (and recaptures), the romances and marriages, the seized radio transmission sets, the rows over protocol with their diplomatic crises in miniature, the refusal of the Italians to eat with the Germans and the refusal of the Germans to mingle with the Japs, the dance hall brawls in a ballroom dripping with dignity and tradition.

We found out about the Jap who stabbed the colored waiter for refusing to betray his country.

We found out about the niece of a high government official who admitted she had smuggled messages into the aliens' paradise and had

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"Today the Greenbrier, with its beautiful 7000-acre estate in the Alleghenies—open throughout the year—offers its guests, at moderate and comparable prices, unexcelled facilities for sports, superb mountain air and scenery, a unique year-round climate, one of the most completely equipped tonic baths departments in the country and enjoyable social activities. Everything is conveniently at hand and so you can enjoy it all, meet congenial guests or be as exclusive as you like and take life easy."

Italians Snoot the Rest

That business of being as exclusive as you like turned out to be the snake in this Garden of Eden.

The Italians started it. It may have been because they were socially more impeccable or it may have been because they just didn't like Nazis, but from the beginning of their Greenbrier visit they refused to fraternize with their fellow guests.

Don Ascanio Dei Principi Colonna, the Italian ambassador, and his lady, Donna Elly, were on polite speaking terms with Charge d'Affaires Thomsen, the ranking German, and his outspoken, temperamental frau, Bebe. But affability extended very little lower down the social scale.

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We found out about the niece of a high government official who admitted she had smuggled messages into the aliens' paradise and had smuggled others out. We even found the girl herself and learned how it was done.

We found out about the Japanese youth who cheered the bombing of Tokyo and was very nearly mobbed.

It's Quite a Place

We found out that the brochure wasn't exaggerating very much when it said that the Greenbrier, "often described as 'America's most beautiful all-year resort,' is also unique in possessing an atmosphere of mellow charm and cherished traditions which come only after a resort has had the experience of welcoming and pleasing the great names of the world for over 160 years."

The writer probably wasn't thinking of Saburo Kurusu, Admiral Nomura, Prince Colonna or Charge d'Affairs Hans Thomsen when he went into such rhapsodies, nor when

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Italian Slaps a Nazi

One German made an insulting remark about Prince Colonna within earshot of a group of Italians. A tall Italian stepped forward and slapped his face. The two men grappled and were pulled apart by their friends.

Thomsen, who discourages such outbreaks, ordered the German to his room. Prince Colonna, not to be outdone, instructed his man to remain in his quarters. But there was a constant procession of Italians the rest of the day to the room of the prince's defender, and they all

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brought gifts.

"Honest to goodness," said a waitress, "the way those Germans and Italians strutted around and glared at each other was like a scene out of a Graustark comedy. They wouldn't eat in the same dining room, they wouldn't ride in the same elevator, they even wanted rooms in different wings."

State Department Worried

But State Department officials didn't see anything funny about it. They were afraid a serious clash would occur, that many might be injured and that the Germans might take it out on American diplomats who are being held at Bad Nauheim—which, by the way, isn't a bad spot itself.

So, on April 2, all the Italians and the few Hungarian and Bulgarian diplomats at Greenbrier were loaded, bag and baggage, into a Chesapeake & Ohio train and taken to the Grove Park Inn, an almost equally impressive hostelry at Asheville, N. C., 312 miles away. There were 237 of them in all.

The staff at Greenbrier was sorry to see them go. In three months they had come to admire and respect the Italians as much as they scorned and despised the Germans. The Italians, they said, were courteous, demanded little and tipped liberally. The Germans were almost exactly the opposite.

Uncle Sam Does Tipping

Tips are not expected of Greenbrier's enforced guests, however. As

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Tips are not expected of Greenbrier's enforced guests, however. As a matter of fact, the Government does the tipping. It pays the hotel management \$10 a day for each adult and \$5 for each child, and in addition provides \$2 a day per head to be divided among waiters, waitresses, bellhops, chambermaids, etc.

This rate, except for the extra \$2, compares very favorably with Greenbrier's regular rate, which ran last spring from \$3 for a single room without bath to \$24 for two rooms with connecting bath for three persons—plus \$5.75 for each person daily for meals.

For 40 hours the 521 Germans had Greenbrier all to themselves. Then came the yellow peril. From Hot Springs, Va., where they also had been luxuriating in beneficial baths and solid comfort, 330 Japanese en-

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or soon thereafter
voys of various degrees of importance arrived to share the diplomatic utopia with their Aryan brethren.

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Joe, the White Sulphur Springs cobbler who used to repair a couple of dozen pairs of shoes a week, gazed at the huge pile of work in front of him and shook his head in bewilderment. "Those Germans and Japs up at Greenbrier must do a powerful lot of walking," he said.

Men's shoes, women's shoes and children's shoes come to him daily by the score from the 7000-acre resort where diplomats of our enemy nations are the guests of the State Department. All were to have new soles of double thickness.

"And the funny part of it is," Joe said, "that I am sure I put soles on some of these shoes only a couple of weeks ago."

The answer was obvious, even though Joe couldn't see it. Anticipating a shortage of leather in the homelands to which they will soon be returning, the diplomats and their families were laying in a supply. A close examination showed that the outer soles on many of the shoes had been neatly ripped off with razor blades.

Leather is only one of the commodities that the German and Japanese envoys and their staffs are hoarding against the time when it will be up to their own governments to keep them in the style to which they have become accustomed. When we dropped into the quiet

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Leather is only one of the commodities that the German and Japanese envoys and their staffs are hoarding against the time when it will be up to their own governments to keep them in the style to which they have become accustomed. When we dropped into the quiet little West Virginia community a couple of weeks ago to give the famed Greenbrier Hotel

the once-over, we discovered that grocery stores there already had instituted a rationing system.

We stopped at a general store to allay the suspicions of the FBI man who had been tailing us. We bought a couple of packs of cigarettes and asked the proprietor how business was.

"Too good," he said, surprisingly. "Those folks out at the hotel send in every day for flour and corn meal and canned goods and sugar and all sorts of things. I had to stop selling them some of the stuff they asked for because I didn't have enough left for my regular customers. What they're doing with it all I don't know. They certainly get plenty to eat out there and they can't take it with them."

Maybe They Can

Can they or can't they? Nobody at White Sulphur Springs seemed to know for sure. At any rate, the luggage storerooms of the gigantic establishment are filled with crates and boxes of goods the enforced guests hope to take along when they

luggage storerooms of the gigantic establishment are filled with crates and boxes of goods the enforced guests hope to take along when they leave.

The 856 beneficiaries of Onkel Samuel's bounty can't go into town to shop for themselves because they are confined to eight or 10 of the 7000 acres, and between 4:30 p. m. and 8 a. m. they must remain indoors. But there is no lack of places on the grounds in which to do their shopping.

Besides the 45 golf fairways, the 200 miles of bridle trails and the trap-shooting range (none of which are available to the current guests), the five championship tennis courts, the immense indoor pool (filled with ever changing spring water), the archery, horseshoes, badminton and croquet courts and the table tennis and billiard tables, Greenbrier boasts a dozen or more of the most exclusive shops in the country.

Business Hums

There are the antique store, the candy store, the children's shop, the florist, the gift shop, the linen shop, the pharmacy, the photography shop, the barber shop and beauty parlor, and, of course, the state liquor agency.

All of them are doing a land-



The Greenbrier Hotel, luxurious prison for interned Axis diplomats

office business. Soap, cosmetics, drugs, suits, dresses and frocks, coats, furs, shoes and goodness knows what else are being packed into newly bought luggage in the hope that customs agents won't forget the courtesy usually afforded diplomats. The Germans have stocked up heavily on silk stockings, but the Japanese apparently feel there's no use carrying coats to New-

castle. Diplomatic privileges enabled one of the German guests to bring in a surprise package. He was a member of a party of diplomats arriving from a Latin-American country. (The United States is caring for the envoys interned by South American republics, too.) Included in his luggage—which had leardy passed several borders—was an alligator-skin bag which seemed unusually heavy. An FBI man stepped up and insisted on opening it. Inside was a 30-caliber machine gun and several hundred rounds of ammunition.

The German, instead of being abashed, laughed heartily. "I wondered how long I would be able to carry it," he said.

Any kind of weapons are, of course, verboten at Greenbrier and no well-brought-up diplomat is supposed to violate that injunction or any other. But in spite of the extreme consideration accorded every one of the guests, the bitterness that war breeds has shown itself on more than one occasion. There is, for example, the matter of stoning the guards.

Greenbrier is guarded by members of the Border Patrol—uniformed men from the Department of Immigration—who work in three shifts and are posted at every entrance and exit. In addition, there are immigration inspectors and FBI agents.

A large number of the FBI men and immigration inspectors operate in White Sulphur Springs, so many that one resident told us:

"Whether it's proclaimed or not, this town is under martial law."

Reporters Trilled

Before a quarter of the 12 days we spent in White Sulphur Springs had passed we were ready to agree. No matter how we registered at the Alvon Hotel (the town has several small hotels) but the Greenbrier is the hotel. And a stranger came to believe us and inspected our equipment. When we walked down the street a line of another stranger appeared behind us. When we closed the window and another car came up and we were not supposed to be leaving the town.

brier became a club for enemy aliens last December, a guard showed up with a baseball-sized bruise on the back of his head. He had been hit by a rock. A few days later the same thing happened to another guard and then another.

The guards, quite naturally, got pretty sore about it. They didn't catch the culprit but even if they had they probably wouldn't have done anything. Everyone connected with the place has the strictest orders against laying a hand on any one of the guests except to stop the fights that occur with surprising frequency among the Axis allies.

Newsreels Are Out

It soon became evident that in addition to censoring all letters and telegrams (the Greenbrier has its own post office and telegraph office), the authorities would have to censor the movies as well. Orders were given to show no picture with any anti-Axis tinge or pro-Allies sentiment.

Then came a ban on newsreels, which had been very popular with the audiences, but produced too much hissing. Occasionally, too, the screen was dented by objects more solid than Bronx cheers. Bedroom farces and sentimental mellers are the current movie fare.

The Japanese confine themselves largely to the billiard room and the tennis courts; so the Germans, who want no part of the strange bed-fellows that the war has made for them, concentrate on the other sports.

Japs Like Their Poker

Another old American pastime is a great favorite with the gentlemen from Nippon—poker. There is scarcely an hour of the day or night that a stud poker game isn't under way with plenty of yen in the pot. Admiral Nomura, the Japanese ambassador, is an old hand at the game and extremely capable.

Saboru Kurusu, the special peace envoy, who announced on his arrival in this country that he hoped to "break through the line and make a touchdown," must have been extremely disappointed to learn that Greenbrier's sport facilities do not include a gridiron.

The 25 bags of golf clubs that were piled on top of the luggage from the Jap embassy are gathering rust. The reason they can't be used—nor any of the equestrian equipment, either—will be disclosed in another installment of Greenbrier snapshots.

TOMORROW: Young lady in a picture hat.

NEW YORK, May 6—News gets around fast in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where the old and famous Greenbrier Hotel is occupied by 856 German and Japanese diplomats and diplomatesses who are waiting to return to their homeland.

Most of it, however, never gets any further than the borders of that little community of 2500, perched 2000 feet up in the Alleghenies.

This bit of news—what there was of it at that time—was among the first to be repeated to us when we arrived there on an ostensible vacation a couple of weeks ago and the public is entitled to know about all of it except the name of the

young lady involved.

That much will have to be revealed by the Government if the Government decides to do anything about it.

You heard it everywhere: "A girl came down here from Washington and got a letter smuggled in to one of the people in the hotel and got caught and disappeared. Where to? Don't ask me."

Third of a Series

To a couple of newspapermen who were trying to find out what was happening at the Greenbrier, this sounded like something worth investigating. By the end of the 12 days we spent in White Sulphur Springs we had established this much as fairly authentic:

A tall, slender brunet had come to town and registered at the Hotel Alvon, one of the few places where you can stay if you aren't at the Greenbrier. She had arranged to have a letter delivered to an Italian count in the hotel. This was before the Italian diplomats were moved to Asheville, N. C. to avoid possible bloodshed between them and their Axis partners, the Germans.

FBI Hears of It

The messenger who carried this

letter, believing that it was some sort of diplomatic document, handed it to the wife of one of the Italian diplomats. Without opening it, she decided it was part of a romantic intrigue of some sort and raised so much fuss that the FBI got wind of the matter.

The FBI made a quick investigation which sent them to a certain room at the Hotel Alvon. There they found the young lady. They were ready to arrest her, but she convinced them that she was the daughter of a retired Army colonel whose record in the last war was outstanding. Furthermore, she was the niece of a man who heads one of the most important boards in the Government. And furthermore again, she was a civil service employee in an Army fort near Washington, attached to the staff of the commanding officer.

When the FBI got a load of all that, they put her on a train for Washington and waited at the station until it was on its way.

Nobody in White Sulphur Springs seemed to know her name. We learned the number of the room she occupied and the approximate time. A squint at the hotel register showed that the room had been occupied successively during that period by three persons, two men and a woman. The woman had given a street address in Arlington, Va.

Check on Address

Arlington was on our route home so we decided to check the address, even though we thought it probably was a phony. To our surprise, there was such an address. A gray-haired dignified man was clipping the hedge in front of the house. He turned out to be the retired colonel. He said his daughter was at the fort and could be reached there by telephone.

We telephoned. The girl wanted to know who we were. We had an answer ready: "A couple of friends driving through from the south. We have a message for you which you probably would rather we didn't give you over the telephone."

"Indeed not," she said quickly. "Where can I meet you?"

We agreed to meet at 5:30 that afternoon in the tap room at the Hotel Washington in the capital. She said she would be wearing a large picture hat and a blue tailored suit.

"You'll recognize me when I come in," she said. And we did. She sat down at a table with one of

us (Charnay) while the other (Wallace) remained at a table a few feet away with his camera hidden, but ready for action in case she should get suspicious and leave suddenly.

Expecting Message

"I've been expecting contact from down there any day," she said in a low voice after ordering a Scotch and soda. "What's the message?"

"The message? Not until I'm sure you're the person for whom it was intended. Whom were you expecting a message from?"

"The count, of course," she said. (She gave us his full name and title, but the Office of Censorship asked us to delete it.)

Why, to be sure; of course, it was from the count. But was a crowded tap room the proper place to be receiving such a message? Wouldn't it be better to adjourn to a car outside where there was no possibility of eavesdroppers? She agreed that it would.

As soon as we were seated in the parked car, we took our hair down. We were newspapermen, we told her, and we had a message for her but it wasn't from the count. The message was that she was in something of a jam and the best thing to do would be to tell us everything. That's what she finally did.

As for the count, she revealed she had known him for about three years. When he was interned at